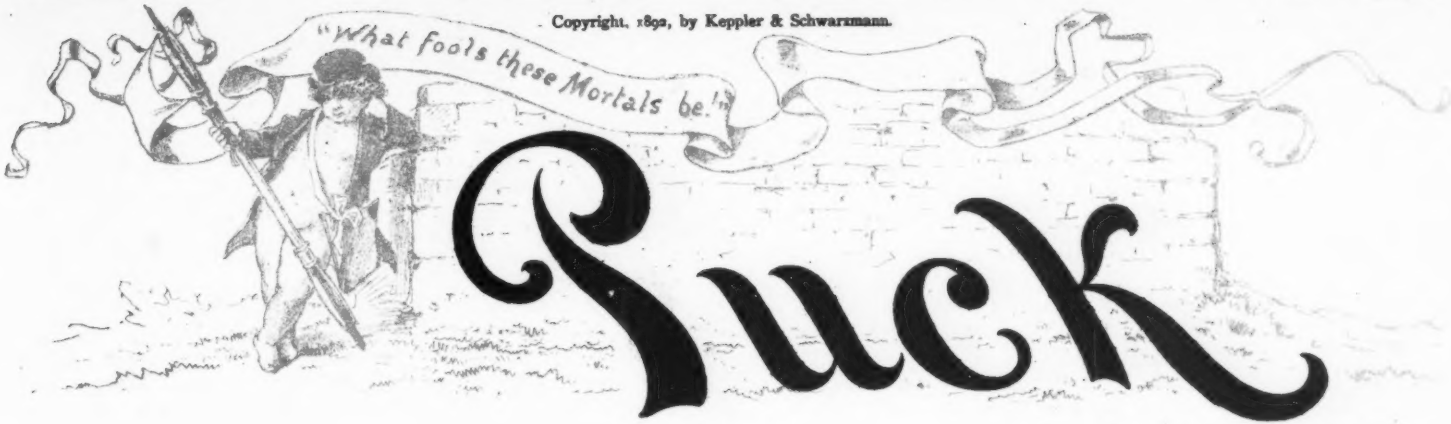


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ALL'S FISH THAT COMES TO THEIR NET.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppeler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 20th, 1892. — No. 802.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHO HAS gained anything by the disturbances at Homestead? We need not concern ourselves just at present with certain other interesting questions, such as: Who was in the right? and Has the State done its duty in the matter? Most people, when they have had time to think quietly about it, will be willing to admit that Mr. Carnegie's course, as an employer is not likely to win the respect, confidence or sympathy of his fellow-citizens. He is not a very admirable person at the best, this half-reclaimed Scotchman, who, having made his money out of the American protective tariff, establishes his estates in Great Britain, and takes a hand in British politics. And when he manipulates Congress and the market so as to effect a reduction in certain prices which enables him to cut down the wages of his laborers, and then, after fortifying his works and fitting them up with barbed wire fences connected with big dynamos, and with steam-pumps to squirt hot water, he sneaks away to bury himself in the depths of a Scottish wilderness — why, it certainly seems as if he stood for the meanest type of rich man yet discovered.

But of course Mr. Carnegie's meanness, no matter how bad it may be, does not excuse the action of his striking employees in forcibly seizing his property, and committing bloodshed in repulsing his representatives who sought admission. We may despise an unjust employer most heartily, without thinking that matters may be benefited by turning honest working-men into murderers; and when the honest working-man does so far forget himself and his duties toward his fellow-citizens as to defy the laws that he helped to make, there is only one course open to the Executive of the State — the course that Governor Pattison has taken — to wait until the necessity for supreme interference is demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt, and then to call forth the whole military power of the State and to enforce order and obedience to authority at any cost. These are, we do not doubt, the conclusions at which the majority of sensible, clear-headed citizens will arrive when the first flush of surprise and excitement is over, and they can look at the matter without prejudice. Indeed, thus tersely summed up, these conclusions are so trite and obvious that it seems strange that they could ever have been held in doubt. And yet, you will remember that there has been, first and last, a good deal of general discussion about this same affair at Homestead.

What seems to us a more interesting question, and one much more worthy of investigation, is this question of: Who is the gainer? Who has got anything in the way of advantage, moral or material, out of the whole, cruel, horrible devilry? Not the strikers, certainly. They have lost their wages, run into debt, and saddled their families with want and misery. Those who have participated in actual violence have lost their self-respect and their title to good citizenship, and have, perhaps, taken the guilt of bloodshed upon their hands. Not Mr. Carnegie's company, which has spent vast sums of money and risked the repeal of the legislation on which it depends for its extravagant profits. Not the manager of the company's affairs, who has not added to his reputation as a business man by the exhibition of cruelty and stubbornness which he seems to mistake for a show of strength. Not his unfortunate mercenaries, who were shot down like wild animals, and tortured in the streets of Homestead. Not the State of Pennsylvania, whose peace has been disturbed and whose authority has been defied. Not her citizen soldiery — men who have been taken from their work or their hard-earned rest to perform an unwelcome and arduous duty. Who, then, has gained by it all? Is there any gainer? Yes; the same old gainer — the man who makes his sinful and sordid profit whenever the laboring man is lured into a hopeless and foolish fight.

He was in the whole affair from the very beginning. Work of any kind, good or bad, he probably had not laid a hand to for months before; but the first whisper of dissatisfaction found him at the front in Homestead, widening the breach between employer and employee, fanning the flames of angry discord, adding to the burden of discontent, talking on the street-corner of wrongs and tyranny and oppression, doing everything that a mean and conscienceless intelligence could suggest to drive a lot of anxious and worried men to madness and desperation, preparing them for acts of unthinking violence, stimulating the brute passions that wait upon hungry stomachs — in a word: AGITATING! That was it. That was his work.

That was what he was there for — the agitator, the organizer, the friend of Labor and the foe of Capital. That was his work there, and all may see now how well he has done it.

Was he there when the storm burst that he himself had brewed? He was, indeed, telling it not to burst. "Let the Pinkerton men land!" he cried, "even if they take the bread out of our children's mouths, let us be good citizens! They are murderers only because they are tempted by the bribes of Capital! Let them land by all means! We are ten to their one, and of course we could not think of firing our Winchester rifles at them! Let them land, good friends, and accept the consequences!" The storm burst, of course — but had he not told it not to burst? The private watchmen were fired on — but had he not counseled giving them peaceful possession of the works? For nearly a week the maddened rioters defied the law while he spoke words of lovely peace, and sat on the Sheriff's head. And when the troops came, at last, did he not condescendingly come forward to offer to their Commander-in-Chief the compliment of a brass-band reception?

He did; and the miracle is that nobody kicked him. He seems to have a sort of devil's luck with him as well in his impudence as in his treachery. Whatever happens, he is safe and a gainer by the misfortunes of his fellow-men. The poor workers at Homestead will get no wages for many a weary day, but he will draw his salary from the organization to which they pay dues for his support. The unhappy men who shed human blood or took human life may go to prison or hang for it. But he can go into court and prove that he cautioned them against violence and pleaded with them to spare life. They must lie on the bed they have made for themselves. He will take the sleeping car for some place where there seems to be a promising opening for an Agitator at fifty cents an hour. And until the vices which seem to be an integral part of his unwholesome character overcome him to his own destruction, he will continue to ply his infamous trade: to make desperate criminals of worthy men, and to thrive on the misplaced confidence of honest labor.

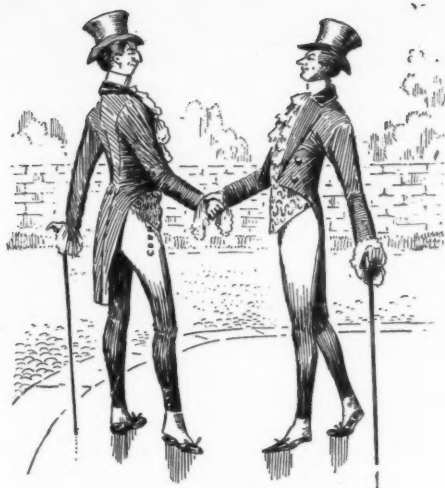
There are good, conscientious and intelligent men among the leaders of what is called organized labor; men who are working for the good of others heartily and unselfishly. But years of observation of the course of labor affairs in this country have convinced us that these men form a small and readily recognizable minority of the vast horde that the laborer supports, nominally for his own protection. They are always to be found among the ranks of the real workers, and never among those whose only means of existence is the fermenting of discontent and disorder in trades or places to which they do not belong. For one man like Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, there are ninety-nine like Martin Irons and Hugh O'Donnell. And the evil influence which they exert upon the fortunes of the laboring man is, most unhappily, in proportion to their numbers, and not to their sincerity and strength of character.



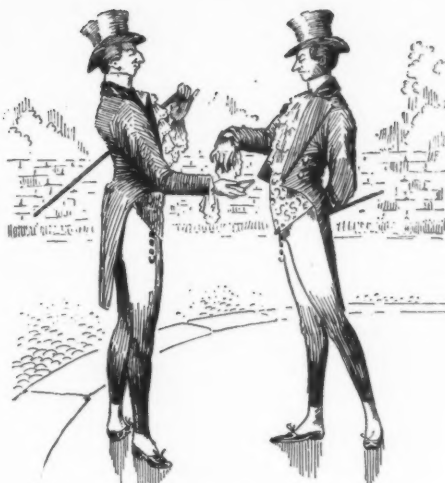
A WORSE CASE THAN HIS OWN.

MR. HOWSON LOTT (reading). — "The average breakage in one week, on an ocean steamer, is 643 pieces of crockery and glassware." — Well, that makes me feel better!

NOT UP TO SNUFF.



Young Algernon and Percival were friends, as you can see; With friendly motives, hand to hand, they meet with signs of glee.



Congratulate me Algy, dear,—I'm seventeen to-day! And here's where Percy brought his brand-new snuff-box into play.



The brownish powder caught the draught of two untutored beaks, While, from their attitudes, we wait for two explosive shrieks.

SURPRISE.

Her lips said "no;"
I watched her eyes.
I bent, although
Her lips said "no,"
I kissed her: oh!
Her sweet surprise.
Her lips said "no"—
I watched her eyes.

R. S. P.

A LONG- FELT WANT.

SAPPY.—By dropping a nickel in a new machine, a cigawette will come out, doncher know.

MISS FLYPP.—What I want to see is a machine that you can drop a nickel into and a cigarette will go out.



At you! At chew!! they seem to say.—Two hats that meet as one!—When two men put their heads together, you see what can be done.



Then, each with frown and battered lid they part—quite in a huff. When years have passed, perhaps at last, they'll both be Up to Snuff.

THE LAW-STUDENT'S LAMENT.

Some glimpses of astrol-
ogy,
Or even toxicology,
Or possibly geology,
Can penetrate my
brain.
I can master ornithology,
Know all about zoölogy,
But legal phraseology
I struggle with in vain.

Albert Rumbold.

OFTEN.

"I don't see why you admire Jennie Lawrence. She is as homely as sin."
"Ah, yes!—but sin is rather attractive, don't you think?"

THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

MONSIEUR.—This water, Madame, of which the Americans so much speak—did you ever taste it?

MADAME (reflecting a moment).—Well, outside—yes.

ISOLATED.

UNCLE HUMSTED.—Have you good neighbors in the city?

FRANK TOWNER.—We have no neighbors at all; we live in a flat.

COURT OF LAST RESORT.

SOL. LISSETER.—How does it come that Barry Stirr is taking his meals at a restaurant now?

AD. VOCATE.—He applied for a change of menu at his boarding-house, and they threw out his suit—with him in it.

HELPING ON THE WORK.

SCHOOL-CENSUS TAKER.—Many children in this district?

CITIZEN.—Great many; have you got to count 'em?

SCHOOL-CENSUS TAKER.—That's what I'm here for.

CITIZEN.—Well, just hang around a little while; I'm going to chop down a tree.

VERY SCARCE.

OLD MCFADD.—Do you collect anything?

CHARLIE SMART.—I collect my thoughts occasionally.

OLD MCFADD.—Ah, I suppose you get some rare specimens!

SYMPATHY.

HUNGRY HANK.—This is a hard world!

MR. SKEESICKS (in a benevolent tone).—So it is, my poor fellow; I don't wonder that you feel out of place. You should have dropped here when it was a mere nebula!



A HYBRID.

UNCLE JAKE.—And what do you think of my bull pup?

CITY NIECE.—A bull pup? Will he have horns when he grows up, Uncle?

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories

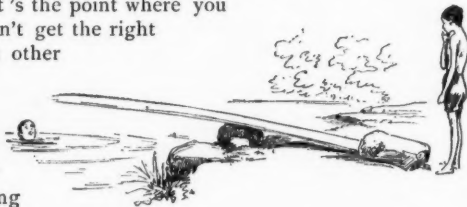
By H.C. Bunner.

(Began in PUCK, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

CHAPTER XXI.

IT SEEMS an easy thing to make a spring-board, run up it, and dive off into the deep water of a pleasant swimming place. Any boy can tell you how it is done. You go to the saw-mill, shortly after the foreman has gone home to dinner, and ask permission of the back-door to take a nice, long, springy plank, with considerable "lift" to it. Then you lug it down to the water's edge, and you cock it up over a big round stone, at the proper angle over the water, and hold the shore end down with a big flat stone. Then you just stand back, take your run, and dive.

Yes. And there is a point in that run when you become conscious that you are made in two parts, and the front part of you is collapsing and tumbling right in on your rear elevation, which seems to be composed principally of air; and cold, very thin air, at that. You know you have got some pores left—several billion of them—for they are all pricking, especially those in the place where your hair used to be. Otherwise there is nothing solid about you, except a choking sensation in the throat and head, and a feeling of about-to-be-brokenness all the way up your spine. That's the point where you go back and say you did n't get the right kind of run on; and the other boys say: "Ah, 'frid-cat!" And then you run and dive, somehow. You would dive off the Rock of Gibraltar to cool off the red feeling in your cheeks.



Paul Brown had never had any experience with spring-boards at swimming-places, but he was getting the same outfit of sensations as he walked down the broad, shady main street of Greenhill Plains, on his way to the Greenhill Bank, where he was going to cash Mr. Parkins's first check.

Paul had prepared an excellent spring-board. He had made a deposit for Mr. Parkins, and he had constructed a signature for a key to that deposit, and he had notified the people of the bank that Mr. Parkins, in his wanderings in search of health, was liable to drop in on them at any moment, and to check against his deposit. And here he was in Greenhill Plains, and the Greenhill Bank was down the street, and nobody but his wife, who was at the Ontowasco House, and he himself, knew that he was not Mr. Parkins, but Paul Brown. And only he himself knew that he was not even that—he was Paul Brown in a blue funk.

It had all seemed so simple—to walk pleasantly and naturally into the bank, and to say to the Cashier: "Good morning, sir. How do you do? Allow me to introduce myself—Mr. Parkins, of New York. Beautiful town you have here—beautiful!" Then the Cashier was to say: "Mr. Parkins? Oh, yes! Mr. J. P. Parkins? Glad to see you, Mr. Parkins. What can I do, for you this morning?" But now that the time had really come to do it, somehow all the simplicity went all out of the scheme, just as the jump goes out of the boy on the spring-board.

For the first time in his life, Paul was about to pretend to be something and somebody that he was not. For the first time in his life he was about to sign a check with a name that was not his, and to which he had no legal right. And the moment the last letter of that signature was formed, Paul Brown would belong to a class of men whom he had looked down upon all his life—the class of men who have "alias" after their names. Paul Brown, alias J. P. Parkins! And if it ever were discovered, how could he explain to all the great world that reads newspapers that he had put on that criminal's mask for no evil purpose?

He cast up his eyes, and saw that he had come to the bank. It was only a small red-brick building, and nothing in any way formidable, but Paul hurried past it as if it were the mouth of the cave of the Giant Despair. He went a few yards beyond the bank, and then he turned and retraced his steps, trying to get something like a determined sound into the soles of his shoes. This time he got a few yards beyond the bank in the other direction. He felt that he must put an appearance of naturalness on this last promenade, so he turned abruptly into a cigar-store and asked for a cigar.

"What price?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh," said Paul, "about twenty cents."

He was not looking at the clerk, but he felt that the clerk was looking at him, and in a very peculiar manner. If he had ever smoked the cigar that the clerk sold him for twenty cents, he might have understood why the clerk's manner was peculiar. But he never smoked the cigar.

After this there was nothing to do but to go into the bank, and he went, thanking his stars that the day was warm enough to account in some measure for his general appearance of high fever.

Now, Paul had selected the Greenhill Bank as a depository of his traveling funds because he had found that it was rated at the mercantile agencies as a small, but old, sound and respectable institution. Greenhill Plains was an old and well-known town, and he had thought that it was one that would probably support a thriving, well-established bank, wherein a strange deposit would attract no special attention. He did not know that Greenhill Plains was not only an old town, but what might be called a senile town, whose affairs had been at a stand-still for several generations; and that the one small bank of Greenhill Plains did little more than a petty money-lending business, as agent of larger institutions in other cities. Its only depositors were, so to speak, the local butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, and among theirs, Mr. Parkins's new account shone like a diamond in a handful of bird-shot. But, as I said, he knew nothing of all this.



Paul was too nervous when he presented himself at the paying-teller's window to take much notice of his surroundings; and, indeed, there was nothing to see, except the usual interior of a small country bank—a room divided lengthwise by a counter surmounted by a net-work of stout wire. The wire net was pierced with the two little windows which we may see in every bank—the one through which the Receiving Teller is condescending, and the one through which the Paying Teller is rude. On the one side of the railing were desks and stools, the big safe, and the one bank-official in sight—a large, gaunt, aggressive-looking young man with a prominent chin and a mouth that would have been very useful to a retriever. On the other side of the counter were Paul, two chairs, two spittoons and the *Bank Note Detector* on a broken file. At the back of the room was a half-glass door, marked "Private Office."

The bank clerk was sitting on a high stool, writing in a large book. He paid no attention whatever to Paul, until the latter, after fidgeting for a few moments, began:

"I—I—I beg your pardon—"

Then the clerk turned slowly, looked at Paul with anything but a pleasant expression, turned back to his work, and slowly added up two long columns of figures. Then he carefully descended from his stool, walked to the window, and said: "Well!" so abruptly that it made Paul start.

"I—I'm Mr. Parkins," began Paul, feeling all the blood in his body go suddenly to his head, but still conscious of an inexpressible sense of relief that the fib was positively told.

"Well?" said the bank-clerk again, still more disagreeably than before.

"Mr. J. P. Parkins," said Paul.

"Well?" said the bank-clerk, so impatiently that Paul hastened to stammer on.

"I've got some money here," he said.

"So've other folk," said the bank-clerk, curtly.

"I'd like to draw about two hundred and fifty dollars," said Paul.

"How much?" the bank-clerk asked sharply.

"About two hundred and fifty dollars," said Paul, feebly.

The bank-clerk regarded him with a more stern expression than any he had so far assumed.

"Do you know," he demanded severely, "how much money you want to draw?"

This time Paul managed to say two hundred and fifty dollars. The clerk gave a sort of snort.

"Where's your check?" he asked.

"I have n't drawn it yet," said Paul. "I—"

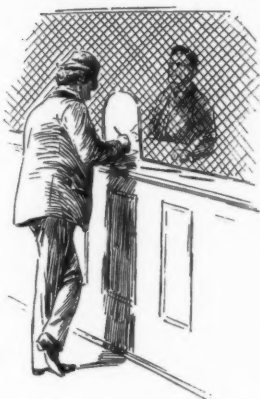
"Where's your check-book?" the bank-clerk interrupted him.

"It's here," said Paul, producing it.

The bank-clerk gave him his instructions in a voice so loud that any one passing in the street must have heard every word.



"Take that pen and ink there," said the bank-clerk, "and write out a check for the amount you want. Put the amount in writing on this line, and the figgers down there, and your name here. Top line's for the date."



And then the clerk drew back a step, and stood watching, while the millionaire Mr. Brown, his face burning red, and his heart beating so hard that his hand shook, set to work to forge the signature of Mr. J. P. Parkins.

Paul had taken the pen in his hand. He held it suspended over the paper. He was just about to bring it down to make the first down-stroke of the letter P, when he remembered that he had to make the up-stroke of the letter J. For one moment of agony it seemed to him as if he could more readily lift a ton than push the point of his pen over that little quarter-of-an-inch of paper. But somehow he did it, and there was the signature of J. P. Parkins staring him in the face. He looked at it curiously, somewhat as a man might look at a corpse of his own killing; and he wondered idly if

it bore the slightest resemblance to the signature which he had sent in with his deposit. The harsh voice of the bank-clerk woke him out of his daze.

"Ever drawn on this deposit before?" he asked.

"No," said Paul. He did not know why, but his heart sank within him.

The bank-clerk pushed the check back to him across the counter, and turned sharply away from him.

"You'll have to be identified," he said.

"But," said Paul, "I don't know anybody in this town."

The bank-clerk merely repeated his last words, curtly and wearily:

"You'll have to be identified."

But, at this old familiar injustice, Paul's courage began to come back to him. He explained that he had made the deposit for the very purpose of having a sum of money at his disposal in a strange place. That this had been fully understood when the deposit was received. That it was utterly impossible for him to find anybody to vouch for his identity in a town which he had never seen before in his life. That he was willing to answer any questions that might serve to identify him, and that his signature was there for comparison with the one held by the bank.

"We don't do business in that way," said the bank-clerk. But he looked at the signature, and then hunted up Paul's account in two or three big books, and found Paul's autograph on a file, and compared the two with a quick and experienced glance. It was an awful moment for Paul, but the comparison was apparently satisfactory, for the bank-clerk showed some symptoms of relenting, or, at least, of being willing to consider the matter.

"It's entirely irregular," he said. "What business are you traveling in?—sewing machines?"

"No," said Paul; "I'm not engaged in active business at present."

(To be continued.)

He was going on to say that he was traveling for his health, but it occurred to him that he did not look like a man who was traveling for his health; and he was wondering what business he could find for himself, when the clerk helped him out.

"Buying real estate?" he inquired.

"I—I may look at some," answered Paul, hastily.

The cashier went to the safe, and returned with the money, which he counted out very slowly in front of Paul. It was mostly in small bills. Paul took it, and was putting it in his pocket, when he was startled by the sound of a voice speaking hastily and excitedly, but in a low tone, on the other side of the door marked "Private Office." Paul felt himself growing cold.

"What's that?" he asked, before he had time to think.

The bank-clerk had climbed back on his high stool. He did not reply to Paul's question, but he did turn his head to cast one chilly glance toward him as he said:

"You'll probably find prices pretty stiff."

Paul walked toward the Ontowasco House, nursing the tail end of the bluest funk he had ever known in his life; and wondering whether he was safely through it. He did not know what happened in the bank before he had been out of it thirty seconds.

A short fat man, with a bald head and flowing black side-whiskers, rushed furiously out of the door marked "Private Office," ran behind the counter, and, laying violent hands upon the bank-clerk, dragged him off his high stool and shook him as few door-mats ever get shaken. All the while he sputtered forth oaths and imprecations; and the most kindly thing he said of the bank-clerk was that he was a dod-gasted dunder-headed fool jackass. The fat man literally foamed at the mouth as he shook his fist in the direction which Paul had taken.



"He'll never come back!" yelled the fat man. "That man will never come back, you feather-brained mule, do you hear that? You pudding-headed shoat, you've lost the only new customer we've had in two years, with your blamed infernal freshness. Oh, what was you let into this world for?"

"Why, you told me to do it!" gasped the bank-clerk, when he had time to speak. "Did n't you tell me to stand him off, and give him the impression we were doing a high-toned business and had folks like him dropping in every day? Did n't you tell me to meet him with dignity?"

"Meet him with dig-grandmother!" shouted the fat man. "I did n't tell you to jump on his neck, did I? I did n't tell you to insult him and treat him like a sack of meal, did I? I did n't tell you to make a confounded wild ass of the prairie of yourself, did I? And now he's gone, and we've lost him! Dignity! Dignity!"

Get out of this, you gibbering loon, and go home! You may be fit to saw wood, but you ain't fit for one other blasted thing on this green earth. Git!"



BETTER THAN FAME.

FRIEND.—Why do you spend your time writing trash? Your name will never go down to posterity.

SCRIBBLER (author of \$10,000 prize story, "Bloody Mike's Gory Vengeance").—No; but my money will.



ON THE YACHT.

Said Jack: "This sea breeze has one fault,

It makes my whiskers taste of salt."

Said pretty Lil, who near him sat,

"Yes,—does n't it? I noticed that!"

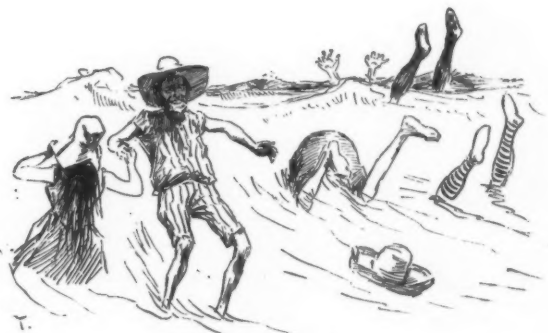
Madeline S. Bridges.

WONDERING.

"Papa, was President Harrison ever a little boy like me?"

"Yes, my son; why?"

"I was only wondering if I'd ever be a little President like him."



AT BRIGHTON.

Five little Quakers went into the breakers
All on a Summer's day.

Five little fakers captured those Quakers
As they leaped from the breakers that day.

AN INAUSPICIOUS DÉBUT.



CITY EDITOR (to NEW REPORTER).— Now, when you interview Congressman Doolittle, don't be timid—approach him with an air of familiar good nature—that's the way to catch those fellows!



NEW REPORTER.— Ah, there, Congressman! I want to have a few minutes chat with you for the *Daily Hustler*!



CONGRESSMAN DOOLITTLE.— This here freedom of the press is a-gittin' altogether too wide-spreadin', by gum!

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

TOM.— Say, old man, I don't believe you could raise whiskers to save your life.

DICK.— May be not; but I'll bet I could raise 'em as readily as you could the wind to blow through 'em!

HYGIENIC CONVEYANCES.

DOCTOR.— You must stop using horse-cars in going to and from your business. Take the grip-cars.

PATIENT.— Why, Doctor! What difference does it make?

DOCTOR.— The walking will do you good.

COSTLY MISSILES.

Poor Cupid thinks the times are hard;
He's glum as glum can be.
I saw the boy, not long ago,—
Lamenting loud was he.
He says his darts are costing more
Than e'er they did of old;
For, now, to make them kill he has
To have them tipped with gold.

F. S. B.



A SACRIFICE, INDEED.

"But, my dear Harold—I can not marry you. You can't support a wife on your salary."

"Yes, Maude. It will suffice for you, and I—well, dearest, I will shift for myself."

VARIOUS METHODS.

Now, pious politicians
Go forth with prayers and psalms;
While others, seeking rural votes,
Display their horny palms,
Or shrewdly wink a wicked eye
And scatter shekels on the sly.

P. McA.

DISSATISFACTION.

"I'd like to know the population of Brooklyn—to decide a bet," he said, as he entered the office.

"You'll find it in that book."

After a short search he laid the book down.

"Did you find what you wanted?"

"No."

"The figures are given in that book."

"Yes; I found that. It said 806,343; but that is not what I wanted, for I had bet that the population was under 750,000."



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED REPORT.

ALEXANDER (the Great).— If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes.

DIOGENES.— Confound you! don't you know a good thing when you've struck it?



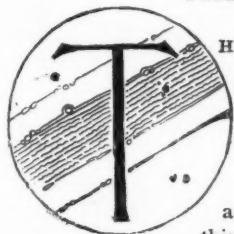
NOBLE ART.

D'AUBER.—I'm having an immense amount of trouble with the man who purchased that Arctic picture I painted.

COBALT.—What's the matter?

D'AUBER.—Why, the fellow ignorantly hung the picture in a warm room, and the ice and snow melted. Now he wants his money back.

THE MAJOR'S MISPLAY.



THE MAJOR was a confirmed clubman of the most exemplary type; the chairman of the membership committee, and the acknowledged leader of the whist-room at the Polyanthus. As he sat one afternoon, skimming with practised eye the columns of the *Evening Times* in the reading-room, his mind was untroubled; and he had a pleasant sense of his spotless reputation. In this soothing mood he leisurely opened an envelope handed to him by an attendant, and drew out the sheet, embossed with the arms of the Pantheon Club. The note was very brief:

Cancel our engagement for to-morrow's dinner. I leave town this evening.

Abercrombie.

The Major was astounded. His amazement at this sudden and unexplained departure of his old regimental chum, General Abercrombie, was as nothing compared with his absolute consternation at the breaking of the engagement for their regular anniversary dinner, commemorating their first meeting at Brigade Headquarters, nearly thirty years ago.

Why, that little dinner for two had been served in the private dining-room of the Polyanthus for an unbroken series of more years than the Major liked to think of!

Was Ned Abercrombie crazy?

What could have caused his unheard-of desertion?

The Major was angry and mystified by turns. The *Evening Times* lay unheeded, his dinner soothed him not, and even at the whist-table his thoughts recurred to the General's flight without warning. His methodical mind was disturbed by every detail; to cancel an engagement of thirty years' continuity, leave town at six hours' notice, to give neither excuse, hint, or apology for such conduct, to—

The Major suddenly realized that play had stopped. His partner was staring at him in angry astonishment; his opponents, with genuine alarm. On the table lay an unclaimed trick, the first of a hand; two, ace, five, and a trump, in the order of play. The last card was the Major's.

He looked at it with dull eyes, and a clammy sweat stood on his hands. His head felt curiously light as he pushed back his chair and left the table without a word.

HE HAD TRUMPED HIS PARTNER'S ACE!

Hatless and coatless the white-headed old Major wandered into the street. He saw nothing but that trick as it lay on the table. And under that nine of trumps lay his reputation, his position, his very happiness.

How could he ever again hold up his head at the Polyanthus! and where else could life be so happy? And it was all due to the General's note.

In the bright rays of an electric light, where he had unconsciously paused; he became aware of an approaching figure, a wild-eyed, hurrying man, with valise and traveling-rug. As he passed the Major, both men slunk aside; then, with a simultaneous cry, each turned and faced the other.

"Ned Abercrombie, in heaven's name, answer me one question before you leave me. Why did you cause me this misery—why did you cancel our dinner engagement to-morrow?"

"Don't ask me!" cried the General. "Yet, why not? All the town will know my shame soon. Last night—at the Pantheon—in a game of whist—"

"Yes; yes!"

"I—I REVOKED!"

B. F. Samuels.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

ARDENT REPUBLICAN.—So your men are striking against a reduction of wages?

PROTECTED MANUFACTURER.—Yes.

ARDENT REPUBLICAN.—But I thought the McKinley Bill was passed that you should pay higher wages than are paid to the pauper labor of Europe.

PROTECTED MANUFACTURER.—Oh, no! only that we should be able to pay higher wages than are paid to the pauper labor of Europe.



LENDING A HELPING HAND.

WAGE-SLAVERY DOES N'T seem to be such an unmixt evil on the afternoon of pay-day.

ARBITRATION is a very nice sort of thing for leaving things just as they were in the beginning, except for the exasperation caused by delay.



NOT EASILY ANNOYED.

WANDERER (*about to seat himself*).—Stay, beautiful lady, don't remove yourself on my account; your baby will not annoy me in the least.

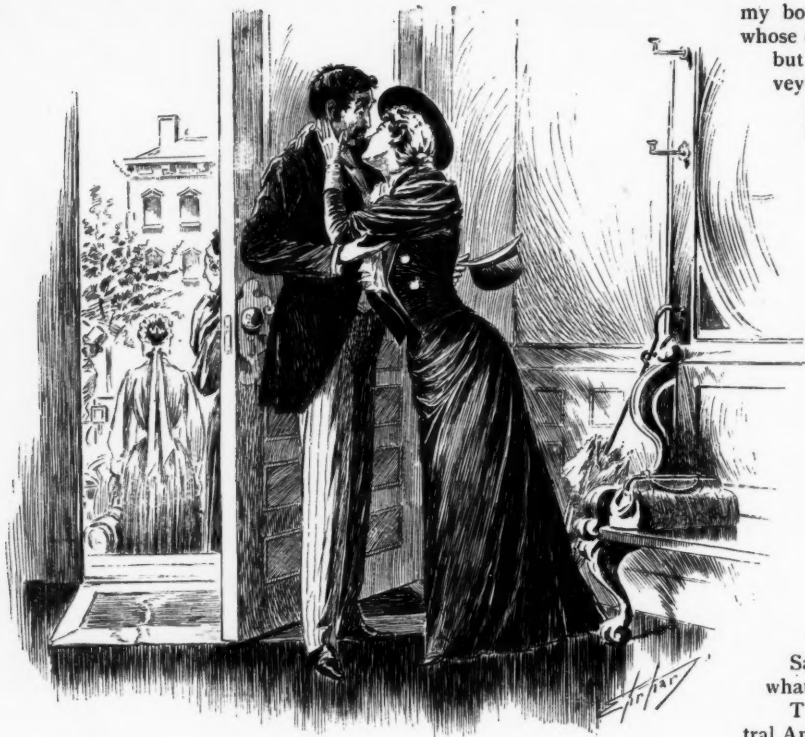


Hal Humphreys

UCK.



TEACHER TAUGHT.
SENT QUOTES TO THE APOSTLE TO THE ASSES.



UNPLEASANT IMAGINATION.

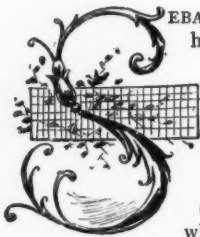
TEMPLE KORTWRIGHT (*her affianced*).—And while I am slaving here in town, you will sometimes think of me?

MARY CLAUSEM (*leaving town for the Summer*).—Yes, Tempy, darling. When I take a moonlight drive or a stroll along the beach with the other men, I shall imagine each one is you. I'm sure no girl could do more than that!

"THE FROZEN DEEP;"

OR,

SEBASTIAN SNIVLES.



SEBASTIAN SNIVLES was an extraordinary man; he would have been still greater in the world of fame had he followed the injunction of his father, the esteemed Columbus Snivles, whose expiring wish was that his eldest hope should become an explorer.

Sebastian Snivles, in his boyhood, would often sit by the glowing embers of his father's fireside and listen, with clinched hands and bulging eyes, to one of the many narratives of adventure and discovery which his father so often related in a sweet sonorous voice, made tremulous by emotion.

The life and explorations of Sebastian Cabot were recited to the younger Snivles with a frequency and precision which only an admirer and student of the life of that noted man could render. When young Sebastian would tire and grow inattentive at the monotony of the recitals about this hero, the elder Snivles would discharge from his throbbing brain the life and character of Christopher Columbus in a manner so dramatic and realistic that his son would often shriek out in a frenzy of ambition, and with quivering form and dripping eyes fall swooning to the floor.

One evening, when the usual paroxysm of emotion had passed away, leaving young Snivles weak and determined never to engage in the occupation of finding new continents, Columbus Snivles, at the conclusion of one of his narratives, dropped his voice to a whisper and addressed his son with these words:

"My son, it becomes my duty, as a doting parent, to direct the channel of your capabilities toward a field of labor which offers not only great remuneration, but from the precincts of which spring the hidden paths which lead to the shrine of immortal fame.

"My boy, I have fostered in this pliant heart the hopes of a life-pursuit for you, which I take pride in affirming will, if you are or if you are not successful in accomplishing, shed untold glory upon myself, and in which you will be kindly thought of, receiving the emoluments and credit justly due a faithful servant.

"It is not my object, at present, to burden your youthful mind with a detailed statement of your future grandeur, but I will briefly outline to you your first and greatest achievement; I must first, however, caution you against allowing your elastic imagination to trace a picture in which warm skies and alluring pleasures beset you on every side; a picture,

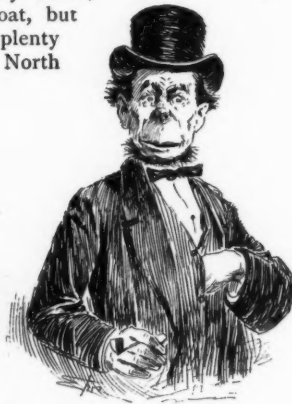
my boy, in which is vividly portrayed a concourse of corpulent people whose only occupation is to gorge themselves, sleep, and play baccarat; but rather, imagine yourself seated upon a snow-capped mountain, surveying a vast region with inflamed and streaming eyes; you, my boy, the only survivor of a lost expedition. This vast region, my son, belongs to me, because you are my agent; I am rich; every fur-bearing animal within this vast domain is mine; none can dispute my right; I conjure you, therefore, to engage your mind concerning the great responsibility of your position. Beyond you, so far as your inflamed eyes will allow your vision to proceed—also much farther—stretches a plain of pure white snow, which blends in distance with the arch of the sky; this snow also belongs to me, but I will allow you to use it. At the base of the cliff upon which you repose, murmurs the open polar sea. See, my boy, a sea-horse and a polar-bear are just emerging from the water; you are weak and faint, my boy, from want of food; seize your spear, kill the bear; gather your waning strength for one mighty effort; cross this sea—you have no boat, but never mind, cross it; there is plenty of floating ice—discover the North Pole, and forever be famous."

A TRYING SIGHT.

HOULIHAN (*in the menagerie*).—Saint Pathrick presarve us! An' what may thot thing be?

THE KEEPER.—An iguana; Central America.

HOULIHAN (*relieved*).—Me frind, Oi knocked off whiskey for seein' betther-lookin' things than him; an' now Oi t'ought thot perhaps Oi'd hov to be givin' up wather!



THE FOOLISH ANT.

Who tells me now to seek the ant,
Consider him and be wise,
When I see his antship spoil his health
With picnic lemon pies?

P. McA.



JUST THE THING.

VISITOR.—We're raising a subscription for poor Scribbs, the playwright—softening of the brain, you know—mind almost entirely gone—and a family dependent on him.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—I'm a little short of money, just now; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give him an order to write me the libretto of a comic opera!

A HOUSE FOR SALE.



MY HOUSE is now for sale; I find
I can not stand the labor
Involved in having such a
man

As Jones for next-door
neighbor.

My wife's a friend of
Mrs. Jones,
And people wonder
whether
She lives with me or Mrs.
Jones,

The two're so much together.

And Jones and I are friends, though not
Such close ones as our spouses;
And side by side we've lived for years
In what they call "twin houses."

Now, I'm a plain old-fashioned man
Fond of my ease and quiet,
While Jones is miserable without
Confusion, bustle, riot.

And for the last two years or more,
He's had the building fever;
And, goaded on by it, has worked
Harder than any beaver;

And tearing down and building up
Form his sole occupation,
And interviewing architects,
His only recreation.

He's torn his house up by the roots,
And I can't tell the quarter
Of what he's done, nor how the street's
Been blocked with bricks and mortar.

And masons, plumbers, carpenters,
Have made the place a Babel,
While adding here a wing and there
Some inconvenient gable.

A French roof first is what Jones builds;
And this my anger rouses:
I have to do the self-same thing,
Because we're in twin houses.

And if I don't, why then my house
"Will not be fit to live in,"
So Mrs. Jones persuades my wife;
And I—of course—I give in.

The roofs go up; and, next, Jones thinks
That it would be in keeping
To have a few bay-windows now
From every corner peeping.

My wife and Mrs. Jones agree,
My coldness does not daunt them;
And so—I put bay-windows in
Just where the Joneses want them.

And all last Summer, when the heat
In town was simply baking,
I had to stay at home—two new
Verandahs we were making.

Against a foolish corner porch
I use my best endeavor,
In vain, I build, although that porch
Is of no use whatever.

I've put a basement kitchen in,
Although I can't abide it;
A billiard-room—though I can't play—
I've built in just beside it.

And now, a cupola on top
Is what Jones talks of building,
Of some fantastic brand-new shape,
And covered o'er with gilding.

This will entail a room or two,
Perhaps another lobby—
I'll strike at last, I'm just tired out
With riding Jones's hobby!

J. Campbell.

THE BITTERNESS OF IT.

"It ought to be very gratifying, Mr. Shepard,
to see how unanimously your friends favor your
candidacy for the Russian mission."

"Yes; but, hang it all! I've discovered it's
only because they want to get rid of me."

AN APPROPRIATE REPLY.

MATERFAMILIAS (*suddenly appearing*).—Sir,
I have long suspected you were inclined to take
advantage of your position as private tutor.

PRIVATE TUTOR (*with arm around fair
pupil*).—Madam, you surprise me!

A LABOR-SAVING SYNONYM.

MRS. MOORE.—Don't you think
the grass in our yard ought to
be cut?

LON MOORE.—By all means;
ignore it completely.

CHILD WISDOM.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.
—You should fear God, my
little man.

JOHNNY.—So I do,
when it thunders.

"ALL THE Republi-
can office-holders
are fired with zeal for Har-
rison's re-election."

"Yes; but they will
be fired with even more
zeal if the Democrats get
control."

WHEN A SONG is sung
so much that every
one dislikes it, it is called
popular.



A SUFFICIENCY.

IRATE CELT.—Get out, now! Oi want none av your lip.
POLITE BOY.—I know yer don't. Yer don't need it.

The Publishers of Puck wish to announce that within the
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FORGOT THE OTHERS.

MABEL.—There are now over four thousand avocations open to woman.

CLARA.—Dear me! What are they?

MABEL.—Let—me—see. One of them is marriage, and another is—is—Dear me! I've forgotten the others.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

WHEN a man is in love, he thinks his girl's name is the sweetest in the world, but when they are married, he thinks it is too old fashioned to give the children. — *Atchison Globe.*



Hungry Fishermen.

'Tis the hour of high noon. The fish have ceased to bite. Down go the poles; out come lunch baskets, and two hungry fishermen discuss with great relish the contents of *The Franco-American Food Co.'s Game Pates.*

These Chicken and Game Pates are just the thing to take with you to the mountains or seashore, for picnics, hunting, fishing or camping parties. A sample can for 25c., postage prepaid.

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ONE of the men of whom the devil feels the
surest is the moderate drinker who thinks he is
safe. — *Ram's Horn.*

Read these little 3 lines.
Buy *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne* if you want a fine and
delicious drink.

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shade or fabric. No ripping required.
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THE smaller the town, the more its leading
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TIME.
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RELIGION that is only kept for use on Sunday will be
sure to sour on Monday. — *Ram's Horn.*

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If you use Pears' Soap and live wholesomely otherwise, you will have the best complexion Nature has for you.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE cloven foot is often covered with patent leather.—*Ram's Horn.*

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"WHAT do you think of my new hat, John?"
"Oh, I don't know. What did the thing cost?"

"Nothing. I made it myself."

"By Jove! It's simply stunning, Mamie."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT IT IS FOR.

COUNTRY CHILD (who sees no novelty in a park).—What's all this grass for?

CITY CHILD.—That's to keep off of.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

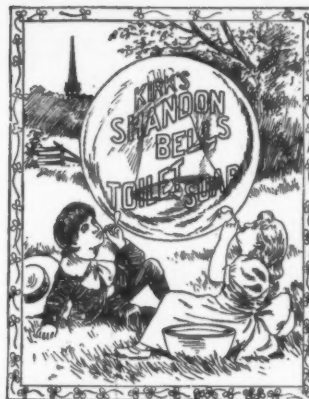
THE world needs more of the kind of religion that gets in to the hands and feet.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE first mile toward hell always looks like a short cut to heaven.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE man who does not believe that two heads are better than one is the father of new twins.—*Texas Siftings.*

BEWARE of the man who always dips his tongue in oil before he speaks.—*Ram's Horn.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



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DAUGHTER.—Yes, I know Mr. Staylate comes very often, but it is n't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Fudge! I have n't heard you sing to him once.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

AT THE SEASIDE.

HEROIC GIRL.—What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning?

FRIEND.—He is over there on the veranda, proposing to the girl that screamed and fainted.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

COMPETITIVE LUXURIES.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL (just from a shoe-store).—I is got on new shoes. You ain't!

SECOND LITTLE GIRL (just from the bath-room).—N—o; but I bet my feet is cleaner than yourn.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

HIS STATE OF FEELING.

"Well, my boy, how did you feel when you proposed?"

"I felt for my hat."—*Truth.*

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Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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NO. 803.

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RESERVE FUND, MAY 15th, 1892	3,247,893.31
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